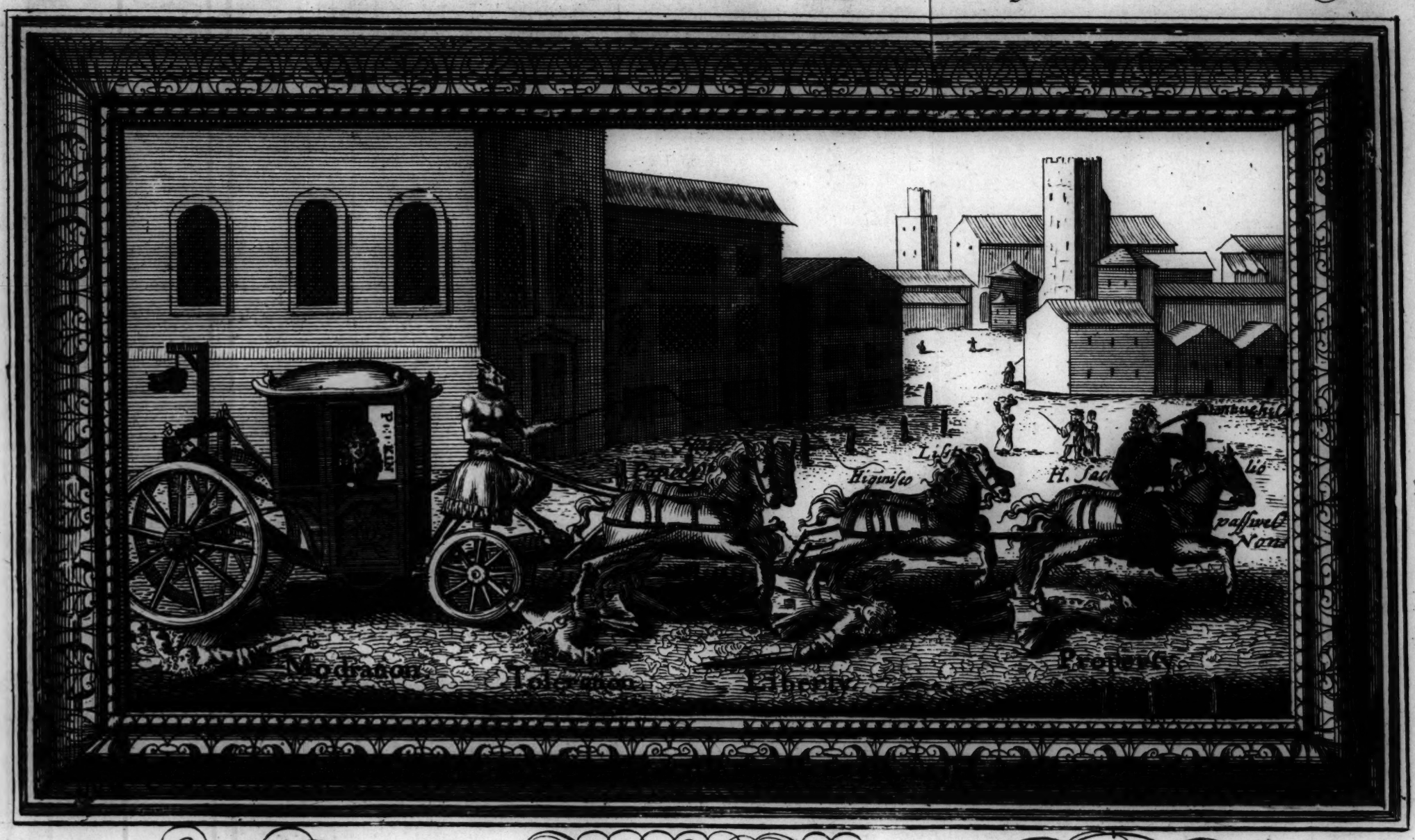
Needs muſtwhen the DEVIL drives:

or,

AN EMBLEM

Of what we muſt expect if High-Church *gets uppermoſt.*



EXPLANATION

When *firſt Mankind were ſway'd by* Paſſive Ruls,
Princes turn'd Tyrants *and their ſubjects* Fools:
Theſe laid aſide their Senſe *thoſe took the* Sword;
And, **I Will be Obey'd**, *was then the Word.*
To which the ſilly ſenſeleſs Slaves *reply'd*
We're all your Aſſes; pray get up and Ride.
If e'er their Sovereign bid them cut their Throat,
The Wretch made no demur, but cry'd he'd do't.
If Heads were ſent for, unjuſt Sentence given,
He that withſtood *his Prince,* reſiſted *Heaven:*
So rather than they wou'd their King controul,
The People damn'd themſelves to ſave their Souls.
Paſſive Obedience, thus at firſt began,
And Non Reſiſtance, by the Side on't ran,
Till after many Years and Ages paſt,
The World grew old, and Men grew wiſe at laſt:
Nations that long, in vain for help had pray'd,
At length call'd in their Reaſon to their aid:
Wiſely conſidering that our God *above,*
Whoſe moſt Eſſential Attribute is Love,
Who ſent his only Son *to ſave Mankind,*
Such Cruelty cou'd never have deſign'd,
Whole Kindoms, to create to be undone
By the ambitious Tyranny *of one,*
Who cou'd, by Nature, no Diſtinction boaſt,
But, by the Inſtigation of his Luſt,
Seem'd rather from the lower Regions hurl'd
First to debauch, and then to damn the World.
Thus by degrees, in Arms whole Nations roſe,
Their Rights aſſert, and Tyranny oppoſe:
And ſo of late Brittania's *Offſpring fir'd*
By Natures Laws and ſolid Senſe inſpir'd,
One Tyrant Prince by force of Arms withſtood,
And Crown'd a Man more Righteous in his ſtead.
But ſome there are that neer will be Content
With any ſort or kind of Government.
Theſe Curſe the Means that did our ſafety bring,
And wiſh they'd ſtill retain'd their Tyrant King.
To Ægypt back again they long to fly,
And hope they may be Slaves *before they Die.*
Let ſuch (unprejudic'd) but view this Print,
They'll find there's ſomething that's uncommon in't.
The Devil drives the Coach in it's a Vi——
The Steeds *are fierce; the* DOCTOR *he's Poſtillion:*
Gallons, and Wooden Shoes are plac'd behind;
(At leaſt our Author *he hath ſo deſign'd)*
To ſhow the Nation what muſt be their Doom,
When the Pretender to the Throne ſhall come:
When Moderation *like a Victim lies,*
And Arbitrary Power *in its place ſhall riſe;*
The Nation (but in vain) ſhall then implore
That Toleration *which they damn'd before:*
Our Laws, *our* Liberties, *ſhall be a Prey*
To Gallick Fury, and Tyrrannick Sway;
Our Wives, our Children, all that now we boaſt
To call our own, will be for ever loſt:
Your Lands will be to Monks *and* Fryers *given,*
And you muſt part with Gold to purchaſe Heaven.
Let who will ſay there's nothing in this Print,
I'll ſwear the DOCTOR *and the devil's in't.*